

# The Mirror

OF

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SHRINE OF ST. ETHELBERT.

SIR THOMAS MORE, in his abundant wit, says, "The taking up of a man's bones and setting them in a gay shrine, hath made many a saint." It was just so with Ethelbert, king of the East Angles, of whose death or martyrdom the box in the Engraving, (more like a Florence oil chest than anything else in common use,) is considered to be a sacred memorial. It is of exquisitely curious workmanship, but not more so than many other tributes of veneration in superstitious times.

Probably the reader is not aware that the beautiful Cathedral of Hereford owes its origin to the murder of Ethelbert, king of the East Angles, (Norfolk,) by the Mercian (Kentish) king, Offa, whose valuable donations to the original church, which was dedicated to St. Mary, and previously occupied the site of the present Cathedral, has frequently occasioned the royal murderer to be regarded as its founder, who, in reality, was Milefrid, a provincial governor under Egbert, about the year 825.\*

\* No description of the cathedral built by Milefrid is supposed to exist; for, within less than 200 years, it fell to decay: it was, however, rebuilt by the munificence of Bishop Athelstan, who was appointed to this see in the year 1012, over which he presided till his decease in 1056; in which year the cathedral itself was destroyed by fire, by the Welsh: it remained in ruins till the year 1079, when Bishop Lozing began the present edifice on the model of the church of Aken, now Aix-la-Chapelle, in Germany; but Lozing dying in the year 1095, and leaving the cathedral unfinished,

The murder of Ethelbert was mixed up with the basest treachery. The Mercian king possessed great wealth and dominion, and ambitious of greater, he invited the young prince Ethelbert to his palace at Sutton's Walls, about three miles north east from Hereford, under pretence of giving him his daughter, Adelphida, in marriage. Ethelbert was received at first with great marks of affection and esteem; but these were lures of short duration. Offa, however, appears to have been but a sharer in the murder. The instigator was his wife, Quendreda, who in the hey-day of her ambition to procure a new kingdom for her family, persuaded the weak king to break the most sacred laws of honour and hospitality, and murder his guest. Accordingly, Ethelbert was assassinated, it is said by some partizans of the queen; for, in those sanguinary times, any living obstacle to power was soon removed, and the command of corruption was *ac dictum ac factum*, no sooner said than done. Ethelbert's body was privately interred at Marden, a neighbouring

his design was afterwards completed by Bishop Raynelm, who was appointed to this see about the year 1096, and who is recorded in the Calendar of Obits to be the founder of this church, probably from the great extent of the work erected during his prelacy. This venerable structure has, however, been greatly enlarged and beautified by several of the bishops since its erection. The last important alterations were in 1786.

village, and the queen proceeded to grasp the prize which had tempted her to the murder, by causing Offa immediately to march an army into East Anglia, and unite it in rule, at least, without opposition to Mercia. Offa was now seized with tormenting remorse at the crime by which he acquired this new dominion, for he found it more easy to conquer a kingdom than his own conscience: he could defy whole armies, but not cry avaunt to the "busy devil," nor lay his fears asleep with the murdered prince in his grave. He, therefore, as the first act of atonement, removed the body from Marden to the church at Hereford, where he erected a magnificent tomb to the memory of Ethelbert. He next resolved upon a journey to Rome to procure pardon from the Pope; which was easily obtained upon Offa promising to be liberal to the churches and monasteries. Among other imposts attendant upon the monarch's engagement, was an annual tax of one penny upon every family in his dominions, for the support of a college of English students at Rome, founded by Ina, king of the West Saxons. This tax, in process of time, became very burdensome to the English people, under the denomination of Peter's pence; and the popes, pretending it was a tribute that the English paid to St. Peter, very complacently pocketed the pence till the "equitably adjusting times" of Henry VIII. This of a truth, was robbing Peter to pay Paul.

Ethelbert, who, during his lifetime, had been preeminent for his virtues, was, after his death, regarded as a saint, and many miraculous events were affirmed to have occurred at the place of his interment; and near the castle at Hereford arose a spring which was consecrated to St. Ethelbert, and retains a traditional reputation, we believe, to this day. Milefrid's belief of these miracles led him to commence building the cathedral, aided as he was by the revenues arising from the donations of Offa, and still further by the numerous offerings made by the pilgrims who flocked to the shrine of the murdered prince. Indeed, the erection of the cathedral, together with the various gifts made by the visiting multitudes, contributed not a little towards establishing the importance of Hereford.

The shrine, or *pyx*, as it is also called, formerly stood on the high altar of the cathedral. "It is a curious and beautiful relic: is formed of oak, very thick and strong, covered with plates of copper, tastefully enamelled in different colours, and handsomely gilt. It is seven inches long, three inches and three-eighths broad, and eight inches and a quarter high. The sloping part, or roof of the shrine measures three inches in height; the front panel five inches. The figures on the principal side tell the horrible

\* See *Origin of Peter Pence, Mirror, vol. xii.*

tale of the assassination of Ethelbert. The assassins are cautiously advancing on tiptoe, and pointing to their victim, whilst one is in the act of striking off his head; whilst Ethelbert, surprised at his devotions, seems in the act of springing up to meet the hand, which, from the cloud, appears outstretched to receive him. It has been suggested that this device might relate to some priest or bishop assassinated during the celebration of mass; but as mass is not usually celebrated with the head covered, and as the cross on the table is a simple cross, and not a crucifix, which last is generally used in public mass, it appears much more probable that the murder was committed during an act of private devotion; and the dress and crown of the martyr rather denote a prince than either a priest or bishop. The design on the upper part or roof of the shrine still has a relation to the martyrdom. We see there a sort of bier, on which is extended what we may suppose the body of the martyr; two men are employed in raising it from the ground: it is surrounded by figures, probably intended to represent angels, two of which are scattering incense, and two others, standing behind the bier, seem to point to heaven. One of them bears a tablet with an inscription.

"The figures at each end of the shrine may, perhaps, represent St. Ethelbert after his beatification: at least, the glory round the head would lead one to this supposition, as none of the figures on the front, the assassins, the murdered prince, or the bearers of the bier have anything of the sort.

"The colours of the enamel are three shades of blue; a green, red, yellow, and white; the figures are gilt; those in the front have the heads in relief.

"The back of the shrine is covered with a mosaic pattern, of four pointed leaves repeated within square compartments. The back panel opens downwards as a door, and fastens with a lock; on the inside is a plank of wood, on which is painted a red cross, the usual sign of a relic; the plank is much stained with a dark liquid, supposed to have been the blood of the martyr."<sup>†</sup>

This paper might be extended by curious particulars of the shrines which abounded throughout this country during the middle ages. The details possess a kindred interest to the specimen just described; but, as we have already exceeded our intended limit, their insertion is delayed for another occasion. Relics, such as these just referred to, should not be regarded as vulgar wonders, but should give rise to inquiries and reflections of a higher character.

† From the Antiquarian and Topographical Cabinet, vol. I. wherein the original engraving and the foregoing description are acknowledged from the hand of Miss H. S. A. Horton, daughter of Sir Watt Horton, Bart.

## RAMBLING RECOLLECTION OF OLD COVENT GARDEN.

(To the Editor.)

SOME TIME ago you inserted in your interesting columns a notice of Old Covent Garden, to which permit me to add a few remarks, relative to this notorious spot.

In digging the foundations of the new market, (represented in your No. 586,) facing James-street, a quantity of human bones was exhumed from a rich, black mould: they were at the depth of five feet from the surface, and were much decayed. The Irish labourers threw them forth, and the sun again glanced upon the probable particles of holy nuns. This northern portion of the market might have been the Convent burial-ground; and here nuns may formerly have walked in solemn procession, holding the sacred tapers, attending a defunct sister to the grave;—where now the Irish woman trots along under her load, smoking a short doodeen, with a hearty oath more ready at her tongue's end than a funeral hymn! I shall leave the sentiment requisite for an eulogy on the present nuns of the Garden to a more fervid and poetical imagination than mine.

Your former Correspondent—(see *Mirror*, vol. xii. p. 191)—gave an extract from the parish register of St. Paul, concerning a notable and moderate feast, given by the loyal ones on the return of William III. from the Boyne; but he neglected an item of benevolence, which you may deem interesting,—viz. “March 11, 1653.—Given Dr. Turner, who had been Dean of St. Paul’s, now in want, £60 0s. 0d.” Charity covereth a multitude of sins!

A record of another character tells us that, in 1711, Punch’s Theatre stood in the south-east corner of the square, surrounding the market. “Boxes, 2s. 6d.; pit, 1s. 6d. No persons to be admitted in masks or riding-hoods.”

The taverns in this neighbourhood are associated with many great names; and a lounge in them gives rise to many pleasing recollections, some of which have been related by your Correspondent. Junius called for his letters at the bar of Munday’s Coffee-house, in Maiden-lane.

Personages of high note, playing Tom Pools, were once to be found amid a choice selection of London’s worst dregs, about four o’clock in the morning, at the celebrated *Finish*, kept by Mrs. Butler, on the south side, called Tavistock-row. But “personages” grow older—probably, wiser; and the decay of nature is a wonderful stimulus to the growth of morality. The times are improving; and the *Finish*, where many a *finished* rogue has figured, is “finished.” Its glories have died away; its sun has set; only leaving a soft and soothing twilight in Mrs. Butler’s pockets.

In 1711, the Bumper Tavern stood in

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James-street; and the best Port was sold there at 5s. per gallon, or 1s. 6d. per quart.

Prince Eugene, on the 12th of February, 1712, attended a musical festival at the Two Golden Balls, a house standing in Hart-street, corner of Bow-street. In those days, Hart-street was called Elm-street.

In Great Russell-street stood the celebrated coffee-houses hallowed in the *Spectator*—namely, Toms’s, Wills’s, and Button’s. Wills’s was the corner house of Bow-street; and it was there that Dryden was way-laid and beaten on his exit, by sundry cowards in masks. Button’s was next to the New Hummums, and Toms’s nearly opposite. It was at Button’s that Pope received the witty answer to a peevish question put by him to a young military officer, who ventured to suggest to the little, deformed gentleman in the next box, puzzling over a Greek passage, that if he would supply a note of interrogation, the translation would be easily rendered. “And pray, sir, what is a note of interrogation?” inquired the translator of Homer.—“A little, crooked thing,” replied the martial scholar, “that sometimes asks impertinent questions.” It was moreover at Button’s that Colley Cibber suspended a birch-rod, to whip Pope, if he should ever venture to appear again in the room.

These indeed were glorious times, when the stars of the day illumined the sons of night over a cheerful bowl, instead of being fenced within the monotonous circles of vapid *conversazioni*, where ceremonies cramp the human intellect, till the joyous time of departure relieves the sufferer from his thralldom.

In James-street the Bird-market used to be held, on Sunday mornings; and sparrows, linnets, daws, and magpies were here eagerly bought by idle boys and foolish men. On the western side of this street stands a high, substantial brick house, towering above the others: it is of modern date, and is the assiduous residence of the rector of the parish:

“I knew him well, Horatio.”

JAMES SYLVESTER, JUN.

## THE THREE FRIENDS.

(An Allegory.)

CONFIDE in no friend unless you have proved him; for at the banquet-table there are more such than at the gates of the prison.

A man had three friends, two of whom he loved dearly, but the third was comparatively indifferent to him. One day he was summoned before a judge, where, notwithstanding his innocence, the accusations were strong against him. “Which of ye,” said he, “will accompany me, and bear witness for me? for I have been strongly and wrongfully accused, and the judge is angry.”

The first of his friends immediately excused himself, by pretending to have affairs

of importance to attend to. The second accompanied him as far as the gates of the judgment-court, when he turned away, and deserted him, through fear of the angry judge. \*

Man has three friends in this world. How do they conduct themselves to him in the hour of death, when summoned before the judgment-seat of God? *Riches*, his best friend, desert him the first, and do not enter with him. His *relations* and *friends* accompany him as far as the threshold of the grave, and then return to their own home. The third, whom in his lifetime he had often the most forgotten, are his own *good deeds*. 'Tis they alone that accompany him to the throne of the Judge: they go before and plead for him, and find mercy and pardon.—LECTOR.

### Retrospective Gleanings.

#### DWARFS.

THE Romans were very fond of Dwarfs, and used all means to prevent their growth. They were called *nani* and *nane*. Augustus's niece, Julia, was much attached to one, called Sonopas, who was only two feet and a hand breadth high.

Mr. Richard Gibson, a favourite page of the back-stairs, and Mrs. Anne Shepherd, whose marriage King Charles I. honoured with his presence, (and gave the bride,) were of an equal stature, each measuring three feet, ten inches.

In the *Philosophical Transactions*, we have well-authenticated accounts of two Dwarfs: one born in Norfolk, who, at the age of twenty-two, weighed no more than thirty-four pounds with all his clothes on, and whose height, including hat, wig, and shoes, was only thirty-eight inches; and another, in Wales, who, at the age of fifteen, measured no more than two feet seven inches, and weighed only thirteen pounds, and who, at that early period of life, laboured under all the infirmities and calamities of old age.

P. T. W.

#### PEACE.

OWEN FELTHAM says, "If men knew rightly how to value peace; as is the imperial heaven, this lower world might be. Where all the motions of the comprehending orbs, all the several constellations, and the various positions of the stars and planets, produce a beauteous chorus, and a harmony truly ravishing. As health to the body, so peace is to the soul. What is wealth, or wit, or honour, when want of health shall ravish from us all of pleasure in them? and what are all the enrichings, the embellishings, and the imbrockadoings of fortune to us, when war shall tear these off and trample on our glories? The richest wines, the choicest viands, by

sickness prove insipid. The silk does lose its softness, the silver its bright hue, and the gold its pleasing yellow. As the sense of feeling is the ground of all the rest, and active life does cease when that is lost; so is health the foundation of felicities, and the want of it joy's privation: yet it is peace that gives them taste and relish, and affords the sweet enjoyment of all that can be procured. Though the other attributes of God are no doubt beyond our comprehension; yet this more emphatically is said to pass all our understanding. Next his own glory, it was the establishing this invited God from heaven. The first branch of that celestial proclamation, was 'Glory be to God on high' the next was, 'On earth peace.' This is the cement between the soul and Deity, between earth and heaven. It leads us softly up the milky way, and ushers with music to the presence of Divinity, where all her rarities are heaped and strewed about us. The enjoyment of friends, the improvement of arts, the sweeteness of nature's delicacies, the fragrancy of fruits and flowers, the flourishing nations, and those pleasing contentions, that stream out themselves from all heroic virtues, are all brought in and glorified by peace. The drum and trumpet that in war sound terror and astonishment, in peace they only echo mirth and jollity. Peace helps the weak and indigent; and health and soundness too, to the sick endeavours. It takes hence only the unsound and languishing, and yet gives leave to them to place their wealth where they first placed their loves: that by it they gratify their friends, and slip from all those smartings that vex them. But war kills men in health, preys only on the soundest; and, like the savage lion, does seize the valiant soonest, as thinking the old and impotent too mean to be his quarry. And though in war sometimes we wear the victor's wreath, yet, that is often purchased at much too dear a rate; and many times the conqueror's garland crowns the captive's head. In the same battle Hannibal confessed, though he first was conqueror, yet he, at last, did come off overcome. He had broken Minutus his forces; but was by Fabius forced to give up all his palms. Nor is it often better with those that are dependents on that general that yet commands the field. Victory not seldom does inlet severity. The haughtiness of the conqueror is often to his own, less tolerable than the triumphs of the enemy. Success does flame the blood to pride and boldened insolence; and often kindles new as it does conclude old wars. One world sufficed not Alexander. Nor could all the Roman territories set bounds to Cæsar's limitless ambition. For, when we once put off from the shore of peace, we launch into the sea that is bottomless. We swim on angry waves, and are carried then as the wind of fortune drives

us. The entrance into war is like to that of hell, it is gaping wide for any fool to enter at. But it will require a Hercules, with all his labours, to redeem one once engaged in it. They know not what they part withal, that wanton hence a jewel so invaluable. For, indeed, if we consider it, what price can be too dear to purchase it? We buy off all the open force, and fly designs of malice, and we entitle ourselves to all the good that ever was for man intended. When God would declare how he would reward and bless the good man, he finds out that which most may crown his happiness. He tells us, he will make his enemies at peace with him. Securely he enjoys himself and friends, whose life is guarded with the miss of enemies. The palace of the world stands open to him that hath no foes. Certainly it is peace that makes the world a paradise; while war, like sin, does turn it all to wilderness, and with wild beasts man's conversation makes. In war, the vexed earth abortives all her fruitfulness; but in an un-stirred culture, ripens all her beauties."

W. G. C.

## VERSATILITY OF GENIUS.

LAWRENCE EARNSHAW, a native of Cheshire, was early apprenticed to a tailor, and afterwards to a clothier; but neither of these employments being congenial with his disposition, after serving both for eleven years, he placed himself for a short time with a clock-maker, of Stockport. With the very little instruction he obtained from this desultory education, he became one of the most universal mechanists and artists that ever was known. He could have taken wool from the sheep's backs, manufactured it into cloth, and made every instrument necessary for the clipping, carding, spinning, reeling, weaving, fulling, dressing, and making it up for wear, with his own hands. He was an engraver, painter, and gilder; he could stain glass, and *foil mirrors*; was a blacksmith, whitesmith, coppersmith, gunsmith, bell founder, and coffin maker; made and erected sun-dials; mended fiddles; repaired, tuned, made, played upon, and taught the harpsichord and virginals; made and mended organs, and optical instruments; read and understood Euclid; and, in short, say his biographers, had a taste for all sorts of mechanics, and most of the fine arts. Clock-making was his favourite employment; and he carried so far his theory and practice of clock-work, as to be the inventor of a very curious astronomical and geographical machine, which was sold to the Earl of Bute for 150*l.* He possessed a singular degree of sobriety, not even drinking a gill of ale for many years after he was grown to manhood. He was intimate with the celebrated Brindley. The expense incurred through the maintenance of a sick wife and

a family prevented his attaining affluence. He died about the year 1764. (See Gentleman's Magazine, Vol. 59.)

P. T. W.

## CHINESE REVOLUTION.

HISTORY has handed to us a few curious particulars of the last days of the last of the Chinese Emperors, Whey-tsung, who ascended the throne in 1628. He found himself at once engaged in a war with the Tartars, and attacked by a number of rebels in the different provinces of his empire. The former were soon vanquished; but the Emperor himself being next overpowered by the rebels, deserted by his subjects, betrayed by those in whom he placed the greatest confidence, and preferring death to the disgrace of falling into the hands of his enemies, retired with his Empress, whom he tenderly loved, and the Princess their daughter, into a garden. His grief was so great that he was unable to utter a single word. After a few silent embraces the Empress hanged herself on a tree. Her husband staid only to write these words on the border of his vest, viz. "I have been basely deserted by my subjects; do what you will with me, but spare my people." He then cut off the young Princess' head with one stroke of his scimitar and hanged himself on another tree, in the seventeenth year of his reign. And thus ended the Chinese monarchy to give place to that of the Tartars, which has continued even since.

P. T. W.

## STYLITES AND ROUND TOWERS.

In ecclesiastical history, *Stylites* are called *Sancti Columnares*, or *Pillar Saints*, a kind of solitaires, who stood motionless upon the tops of pillars, raised for the exercise of their patience, and remained there for several years, amidst the admiration and applause of the stupid populace.

The founder of the order was Saint Simeon, named *Stylites*, a famous anchorite of Sison, a town between Syria and Cilicia. He was the son of a shepherd, and distinguished in the annals of fanaticism. He adopted the strange fancy of fixing his habitation on the tops of pillars, and with the notion of climbing higher and higher towards heaven, he progressively migrated from a pillar of six cubits to one of twelve, twenty, thirty-six, and forty. Simeon passed forty-seven years upon his pillar, exposed to all the inclemency of the seasons. At length a terrible ulcer put an end to his life, at the age of sixty-nine, the year 461. His body, says his biographer, was taken down by the hands of bishops, and conveyed to Antioch, with an escort of six thousand soldiers, and he was interred with a pomp equal to any monarch. These honours produced imitators, whose performances sur-

passed the original. One of these inhabited his pillar sixty-eight years. The extremities of these columns were only three feet in diameter, with a kind of rail or ledge about that reached almost to the girdle, somewhat resembling a pulpit. There was no lying down in it. This fanaticism remained in vogue till the twelfth century, when it was suppressed. Ireland was full of these towers in the twelfth century, and there is reason (says an antiquarian,) to ascribe the erection of them to the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries, *viz.* before the Danish invasions, and during the period of the Irish transmigration into various countries in quest of solitaires; therefore the idea and use of them in Ireland were evidently borrowed from the columns and stylites of the East.

P. T. W.

### New Books.

#### SLADE'S TRAVELS IN TURKEY, &c.

(Continued from page 40.)

[Nor the least graphic portion of Mr. Slade's Records is his cruise with the Capitan Pasha in the Black Sea. The work is throughout a capital, picturesque narrative; but the following specimen is irresistible.]

#### *The Capitan Pasha on his quarter-deck.*

A crowd of boats waiting alongside the Selimier occasioned us delay. She was a noble first-rate without a poop. From her peak a large, crimson, silk ensign, pierced with three crescents, trailed in the water, and the pasha's barge at the main, likewise crescented, spread to a southerly air. Her guns looked out of the ports in all directions; some were laid to strike top-gallant masts, some to sink boats, some to fire on the bows, some to hit the davits. Men in various costumes were seated on the port-sills smoking; the legs of others were dangling over the quarters; nor were the cat heads and bumpkins void of occupants. A steep accommodation ladder reaching from the water to the upper deck, we climbed up, and then stood a moment on the gangway, butts to curiosity, to observe a novel scene. Achmet Papuchi, capitan-pasha, reclined on a couch in the middle of the quarter deck; he was a sickly-looking man, with an ordinary countenance, solemnized but not dignified by a long grey beard, dressed in vest, trousers, and anteri of orange-coloured silk, with a richly embroidered sash, and a slate-coloured cloth pelisse. He was smoking from the amber-mouthed snake of a porcelain narghilar. A semicircle of well-attired attendants was ranged before him, in ready submission to catch the slightest aspirations from his lips, or to move a limb, or to scratch his head if needful. A secretary was reading papers to him, he being deficient in

that vulgar accomplishment: his Greek dragoon stood obsequious beside him; and a dozen chavasses formed a line apart, armed with pistols, ataghans, and long staves of office, equally prepared at his nod to amputate or to bastinade. Between the guns, abaft the mizen-mast, and on the forecastle, sailors were sleeping, or playing chess, or breaking their fast on bread and olives, or performing their monotonous devotions: the officers were scarcely distinguishable from them, at first sight, excepting one, an elderly, corpulent effendi (second captain,) who was sitting on the booms, his shirt half off, diligently seeking for the obnoxious disturbers of his morning's nap.

The pasha, rising from his couch, invited us to descend into his cabin. Two officers supported him under the arms, and a long train followed us. The cabin was plain, but elegant and scrupulously clean. The furniture consisted of a sofa, and half a dozen chairs, with gold embroidered suns and moons on the backs. In various frames were suspended the sultan's cipher, sentences of the koran, and two paintings of the ship. A manuscript chart of the Euxine, never used, with compasses and rulers, lay on a small table; and beautifully emblazoned copies of the koran and the sunna were placed on an ottoman. Damascus sabres, French pistols, and two Dollond's telescopes completed the decoration. Pilees of lemons were in the windows to impart fragrance to the air, and the rails of the stern-gallery were interwoven with fresh-cut orange-branches.

[Night and supper on board are graphically told:]

The night set in balmy. I was standing on the gangway watching the gleaming tracks of fish, and musing on the probable issue of the engagement, to be expected next day, when the melodious words—"Allahou ekber; eshedou inne la illahe illa Allah; eshedou inné Mouhammed resoul Allah, hoya aless-olat haya ailel fellah; Allahou ekber la illahe illa Allah,"\* filled the air as from the voices of invisible spirits. They came from the mizen rigging of each ship, whence Imams were calling the faithful to prayers. Everywhere this appeal is beautiful; but thus on the sea, responding from ship to ship, it was divine.

The summons was promptly obeyed; every deck was covered with the prostrating crew, each man on his own capote, the officers on carpets spread under the half-deck, each person having previously washed his hands and feet. The pasha was equally devout in

\* God is great. There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet—come to pray—come to the garden of prayer. God is great, &c.

† The early Mussulmans prayed in gardens for want of mosques; hence the expression.

his cabin, and on the whole it was a most impressive sight, even to a Christian.

The ceremony being concluded, his excellency and myself prepared to sup, for which task the Black Sea air had given me a keen appetite. A small carpet was spread between two guns on the main deck outside his cabin. It was not screened off. On it we sat down, cross-legged opposite to each other. Two agas—they were gentlemen of no less rank—knelt to us with ewers to wash our hands; then tied napkins round our necks, and placed between us a circular metal tray upon a low stool, provided with four saucers, containing as many kinds of conserves, slices of bread and of cake, salt, and a bowl of salad sauce, to be eaten at discretion. Our fingers were the operating instruments. The first dish was a pile of red mullet. The pasha of course had the first help; being a bit of an epicure, he pawed every one individually before choosing. I took one whose tail only had come in contact with his forceps. The next dish was a fowl. The pasha steadied it with the thumb of his left hand, and with his right hand pulled off a wing. I tried the same manœuvre on a leg; but, owing to delicacy in not making free use of both hands, failed in dislocating it. The pasha perceiving my awkwardness, motioned to an officer to assist me. I would fain have declined his services, but it was too late. The fellow took it up in his brawney hands, ripped off the joints with surprising dexterity, peeled the breast with his thumb-nail, tore it in thin slices, and, thus dissected, laid the bird before me with an air of superiority, saying, " Eat." I was very hungry, or I should not have been able. The third dish was lamb stewed with olives. On this I showed that I had fully profited by my late lesson, and, dreading the intrusion of another person's fingers on so slippery a subject, dug my own in with unblushing effrontery. I followed precisely the pasha's motions, scooping the olives out of the dish, with a piece of bread and my thumb, as adroitly as though I had never seen a fork. The attendants winked at each other, and my host's unmeaning eyes faintly radiated at the rapidity with which I adapted myself to existing circumstances. I never fully understood before the point of the saying, " Do at Rome as Rome does." Various other meats followed, which I will not enumerate; they were all diminished by a similar process; suffice to say that they were excellent, the Turkish kitchen being in many points equal to the French kitchen, and in one article superior—the exquisiteness of lamb drest in Turkey far, very far, surpasses my feeble praise. About twelve dishes, of which, in compliment, I was obliged to eat more than my inclination prompted, rendered still more irksome by the absence of wine, had been shifted with great dispatch, and a

pause ensuing, I began to breathe, thinking my replete task over, when, to my utter dismay, a huge platter of pilaff, the standing last dish, was placed between us. Never having liked rice since I was at school, the sight of the pressed, greasy mess before me was positively revolting. However there it was, and had I only been required to eat a pound of it, I might have esteemed myself happy. A much severer trial awaited me. The pasha immersing his fingers deep into it, drew forth a tolerable quantity, with which he amused himself some minutes, rolling it into a ball, while I stared, simply supposing that the delicate morsel, when it should have received the last touch, was destined for his throat. It was lucky that I did not foresee its right destination, or the bare thought would infallibly have made me forget myself, which would have grieved me before so many witnesses, not to mention the insult of the restitution. When fairly reduced to the substance of a grape-shot, the pasha stretched his lean hand over the tray; I involuntarily shrunk back; he stretched further, and inserted it—O nausea!—into my mouth. I swallowed it with an effort of despair, but know not what power of nerves kept it down. The attendants arched the brows of wonder: a capitan pasha bestow such an exceeding mark of distinction on a stranger! Had there been then a gazette in Stamboul the circumstance would have been published, at our return, as the most notable event of the cruise. I was delighted to find that the honour was too great to be repeated.

The appetizers which came on with the tray were removed, and replaced by a bowl of koshub, a sweet liquid, composed of various preserved fruits, perfumed with rose; two tortoise-shell spoons were in it. This was very good, especially as we were not reduced to lap it up with the palms of our hands, as I might have reasonably expected after what had passed. A glass of sherbet assisted our deglution, and chibouques, with coffee, assured its efficacy: while enjoying the latter, an Albanian bagpipe, harsher, if possible, than a Scotch one, supplied the absence of conversation.

I then went on deck, and, wrapping my cloak round me, lay down to rest on the planks, surrounded by snorers. There were no beds, not even one for the pasha; his excellency slept in a box, resembling a dog kennel in size and shape, placed abaft the mizen mast. I could not sleep much for the singing, or rather moaning, of some sailors, as monotonous and annoying as the buzzing of mosquitoes; and twice, at twelve and at four, I was startled out of a dose by a din loud enough to raise the dead—dozen drummers were parading the decks fore and aft, beating with all their might to rouse the watch.

## The Naturalist.

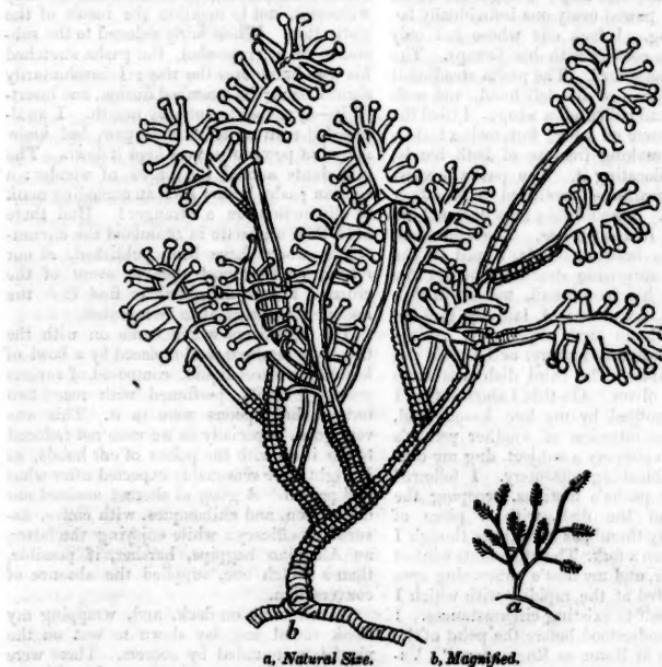
## ZOOPHYTES.

ZOOPHYTES are an order of animals in the Linnean system, under the class *Vermes*, or Worms, comprehending such as hold a medium between animals and vegetables: indeed, they are the connecting links between the animal and vegetable kingdoms; and, as the poet sings of various states of the human intellect,—

Thin partitions do their bounds divide.

The majority of Zoophytes, like plants, take root and grow up into stems; but they resemble plants only in form and colour, inasmuch as they are furnished with sensation and spontaneous motion. Such is the subjoined specimen, which, viewed with the

naked eye, resembles a fine piece of fern, or moss; but, when placed beneath a microscope, it is found to be, in reality, an animal. This pretty Zoophyte occurs abundantly in Berwick Bay, where it grows upon the sides of stones that are covered with a thin coating of fine mud, and lie in shallow pools near high-water mark. It is here invariably accompanied with another member of the same class, the *Campanularia gelatinosa* of Dr. Fleming; but both of them, "although interesting and even beautiful under the microscope, are naturally so diminutive, and so unattractive in appearance, that, like the flower of the desert, they might seem 'born to blush unseen,' were it not that the curious naturalist loves to search out, and to display to others, the designs in which Infinite Wisdom has moulded his animate creation."



The above Zoophyte (*Coryne glandulosa*) is attached to its station by slender tubular fibres, that creep along the stone, and bind the whole little colony together. The upright shoots are somewhat less than an inch in height, and irregularly branched, each branch being terminated with a clubbed head, of a reddish colour, set round with globular-tipped tentacula, irregularly disposed. These tentacula can bend themselves at will, and they adhere tenaciously to bodies that come within

their reach, probably by suction. The stalk is horny, and filled with a softer pith, or medullary matter, that runs in a continuous line through all the branches, enlarges itself in the heads, and even seems to run up the centre of the tentacula, where it is distinguished by its greater opacity. There is, however, no opening on the ends of the branchlets, for the horny sheath covers in all. The food appears to be imbibed through the tops of what are called the tentacula, but

which are thought to be more properly reduced polypes; that is polypes without a circle of tentacula around the oral or mouth entrance. This conclusion is drawn from the irregularity of their disposition; their structure, which is not exactly similar to that of the tentacula of other polypes; and from the impossibility of their being at all serviceable in conducting food to a terminal mouth.

The relations of *Coryne* are imperfectly known. Lamarck and Cuvier place it amongst the naked Polypes, or such as have no sheath to cover the body; but *Coryne* has a horny, inverting sheath, altogether like that of the *Sentulariæ*.

We quote the accompanying figure, and its description, from an interesting series of *Illustrations in British Zoology*, contributed by Dr. George Johnson, of Berwick-upon-Tweed, to the *Magazine of Natural History*. The details are somewhat abridged, by the omission of certain points of distinction which can only be appreciated by the scientific inquirer.

#### NEW BRITISH SPECIES OF CUCKOO.

PROFESSOR RENNIE has commenced a Journal of Observation, which he has not inappropriately named "The Field Naturalist's Magazine, and Review of Animals, Plants, Minerals, the Structure of the Earth, and Appearances of the Sky." We consider the title well chosen, if it be the Professor's intention to follow up the system of patient investigation which he has so laboriously developed in his entomological volumes of the

Library of Entertaining Knowledge. These certainly entitle him to rank among the field naturalists of the day.

Among the first-fruits of Mr. Rennie's Journal is the figure of a new British Species of Cuckoo, from Robert Ball, Esq., of Dublin Castle. The Bird was shot near Youghal, in the county of Cork; and Mr. Ball not finding more than one species of Cuckoo, and that unlike his, in Mr. Rennie's edition of Montagu's *Ornithological Dictionary*, was induced to consider his specimen as a *rara avis*. Mr. Ball continues—"Mr. Glenon, an intelligent professional mounter of birds, acquainted me that he had received a bird very like mine, recently shot at Old Connnaught, near Bray, a short distance from Dublin. On comparison of our specimens, mine appears to be the larger and more highly coloured, in which particular it also exceeds a South American specimen, which Mr. Glenon is possessed of. The tail feathers of the latter, however, have the white somewhat more distinct at the points. The tail consists of ten feathers, the three outermost at each side tipped with white. The drawing conveys more distinctly than words can do the other peculiarities of colouring. The part not displayed in it is of uniform colour with the back of the head, except that the upper sides of the quill feathers have a warm reddish cast. My bird is much smaller than the common cuckoo; the bill rather larger; the feet smaller; the shank longer. The drawing is of the exact size of the original. The fact of a second instance of the bird being killed in this country, will, I conceive, entitle it to a place in the catalogue of our natives."



The annexed figure is reduced by one-third from the original drawing, coloured, the description of which is as follows:—"Total length, from the tip of the bill to the end of the tail, eleven inches. Bill longer and rather more curved than in the common cuckoo; the upper mandible of a dark-horn colour, black at the tip, and yellowish brown at the base; the lower, yellowish brown, tipped with

black. The head, back of the neck, and all the upper parts, of a uniform olive brown colour, inclining to red on the upper sides of the quill feathers; the whole under-parts of a pale ashy brown, darker about the breast, and inclining to buff on the thighs and under tail coverts. Under surface of the wings, pale cuff, making a considerable contrast with the colour of the quill feathers, which are under-

neath of a brownish chestnut tint. The legs and feet of a dark ashy brown; the shank rather longer in proportion than in the common cuckoo. Tail, wedge-shaped, and about five inches in length; the outer feather but three inches; the second, four inches and a quarter; and the third, nearly five inches long; of an ash colour, edged and tipped with yellowish white *underneath*; the colour of the upper surface unknown; colour of the iris unknown; and, as in the common species, the third quill feather of the wing is the longest."

#### IMPROVEMENT ON THE POTATO.

An intelligent Correspondent to the *Examiner* observes: "The *Oxalis Crenata* has lately been introduced into this country from South America, and is likely to be extensively cultivated, as decidedly preferable to the common potato. A root was brought over, in 1830, by Mr. David Douglas, and planted by Mr. Lambert: and a few small tubers were exhibited to the Linnean Society. One of these was planted by Mrs. Hirst in the garden of Great Roper's Hall, near Brentwood, and has succeeded remarkably well. It was first put into a small pot in the end of April, and in the month of May the pot was placed in the flower-garden and broken, and the parts removed. This precaution appears to have been unnecessary, for it has stood the frost remarkably well, and on the 5th of this month, when it was dug up, the leaves were green. The root planted was about half an ounce in weight, and the roots produced were about ninety in number, in a space not exceeding nine inches in diameter and six inches deep. The aggregate weight was upwards of four pounds. A few of the roots were boiled, and, when eaten, were found to resemble the potato, but were unanimously admitted by all the party to have a more agreeable flavour. Such a result is very promising, and when we consider that the common potato (*Solanum Tuberosum*) was, for hundred years confined to gardens, and that its roots were for a long time not larger than beans, and were watery, we may reasonably expect that cultivation may do much to enlarge the size of the roots of the *Oxalis*, and perhaps improve the flavour beyond what it is at present. It has a fine yellow flower, and is ornamental in the garden. The time of flowering is August."

#### FOSSIL ICHTHYOSAURUS.

An antediluvian skeleton, of the *Ichthyosaurus* genus, has recently been discovered near Bedford. It was found lying in a horizontal position, embedded in clay; and, in the opinion of our informant, was evidently a marine deposit. At present it is only partially uncovered, but the length of the whole may be judged

to be from about 12 to 14 feet. It is a curious fact, that in the immediate neighbourhood of the skeleton was found a number of small stones, although none are discovered in any other part of the same bed of clay.—*Northampton Mercury*.

#### MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

##### THE DIVINING ROD.

A CORRESPONDENT states that he has found written in an old edition of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, published in 1640, the following curious method for discovering gold under the earth:

"The finding of gold, which is under the earth, as of all other mines of metal, is almost miraculous. They cut up a ground-hazel, of a twelvemonth's growth, which divides above into a fork—holding the one branch in the right hand, and the other in the left, not held too slightly or too strictly. When passing over a mine, or any other place where gold or silver is hidden, it will discover the same, by bowing down violently;—a common experiment in Germany;—not proceeding from any incantation, but a natural sympathy, as iron is attracted by the loadstone."

#### WEDDING GARLANDS.

The old English custom of crowning the newly-married pair in church, lays claim to great antiquity. Garlands were used by both Heathens and Jews; from whom they appear to have descended to the first Christians; whence they were derived by the Anglo-Saxons. After the marriage of the Anglo-Saxons, and the benediction had been given, the bride and bridegroom were adorned with a chaplet of flowers, or with a crown of myrtle, both which were kept in the churches for that purpose.

In England, about the time of Henry VIII., the custom was altered by our "bold peasantry." The bridegroom was heretofore crowned; but this part of the ceremony was now abolished, and the bride wore a garland of flowers or corn-ears, which was blessed before being placed on her head.—E. J. H.

#### ANCIENT PRICE OF LABOUR.

(From a Correspondent.)

The following extracts from "A Roll of the Expenses of Edward I., at Rhuddlan Castle, in Wales, in the 10th and 11th years of his reign," (1281 and 1282), may perhaps amuse the reader, as showing the rate of wages paid to different workmen, tradesmen, archers, &c., at that period. Rhuddlan Castle was the head-quarters of Edward, during the insurrection of the Welsh under Llewelin, Prince of Wales, at which time it had many additions made to it:—

\* See also *Funeral Garlands, Mirror*, vol. xx.

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xx.

Paid to Master Peter de Brompton, for the wages of 100 carpenters, each receiving 4d. per day, and their constable receiving 8d. per day; of which five are overseers of twenty, and each receives 6d. per day for his wages, from Sunday, 23rd of August, for the seven following days To two smiths, one receiving 4d. per day, and the other 3d. for their wages, from Sunday 23rd of August, to Sunday 12th of September, each day being reckoned, for 21 days -

Two shoeing-smiths, by the day, at 3d. - Paid to 47 sailors of the king, for their wages, seven days, each receiving per diem 3d., except seven, each of whom received 6d. per day

Paid to Geoffrey le Chamberlin, for the wages of twelve crossbow-men, and thirteen archers, for twenty-four days, each crossbow-man receiving by the day 4d., and each archer 3d.

Paid to one master-mason, receiving 6d. per diem, and five masons at 4d., and one workman at 3d., for 28 days - Sunday next after the Feast of St. John the Baptist, paid to twenty-two mowers, each receiving three halfpence per day for four days -

Wednesday following paid to twenty-three mowers, each receiving 6d. per day, for their wages of two days -

Paid to four score and sixteen spreaders of hay, for one day's wages, whereof four score received each per day three halfpence, and each of the others twopence To 160 spreaders of hay, for their wages, Sunday and Monday -

Necessaries.—For six carts, each with three horses, hired to carry the hay from the meadows to the Castle of Rothelan, for one day -

For the carriage of turf, with which the house was covered, in which the hay was placed -

For an iron fork, bought to turn the hay - For making a ditch about the house where the said hay was put -

For putting and piling up one rick of hay in the house -

Wages of two turf-cutters, seven days, at 5d. per day -

For the carriage of turves to cover the king's kitchen -

For twenty-two empty casks, bought to make paling for the queen's courtyard To Wildbor, the fisherman, receiving 10d. per day, and his six companions, the queen's fishermen, at 3d. per day each, fishing in the sea—forty-two days -

Repairing a cart of the king's, conveying a pipe of honey from Aberconway to Rothelan -

To six men carrying shingles to cover the hall of the Castle, at twopence half-penny each per day—seven days

Gifts.—To a certain female spy, as a gift - To a certain female spy, to purchase her a house, as a gift -

To Ralph le Vavassour, bringing news to the queen of the taking of Dolin Thalien, as a gift -

To John de Moese, coming immediately after with the same news, with letters of the Earl of Gloucester, by way of gift -

To a certain player, as a gift -

In a recent number of the Edinburgh *New Philosophical Journal* we find the following page, which may form an appropriate pendant to our Correspondent's paper:—

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In the year 1352, 25th Edward III., wages paid to haymakers was but 1d. a-day. A mower of meadows, 3d. per day, or 5d. an acre. Reapers of corn, in the first week of August, 2d.; in the second, 4d. per day, and so on, till the end of August, without meat, drink, or other allowance, finding their own tools. For thrashing a quarter of wheat or rye, 2½d.; a quarter of barley, beans, peas and oats, 1½d. A master carpenter, 3d. a-day, other carpenters, 2d. per day. A master mason, 4d. per day; other masons, 3d. a-day, and their servants 1½d. per day. Tilers, 3d. and their knaves 1½d. Thatchers, 3d. per day; their knaves, 1½d. Plasterers, and other workers of mud walls, and their knaves, in the like manner, without meat or drink, and this from Easter to Michaelmas; and from that time less, according to the direction of the justices.—By the 34th of Edward III., 1361, chief masters of carpenters and masons, 4d. a-day; and the others, 3d. or 2d. as they were worth.—By the 13th Richard II., 1389, the wages of a bailiff of husbandry, 13s. 4d. per year, and his clothing once a year at most; the master hind, 10s.; the carter, 10s.; shepherd, 10s.; oxherd, 6s. 8d.; cowherd, 6s. 8d.; swineherd, 6s.; a woman labourer, 6s.; a day labourer, 6s.; a driver of plough, 7s. From this time up to the time of 23rd Henry IV., the price of labour was fixed by the justices by proclamation.—In 1445, 23rd Henry IV., the wages of a bailiff of husbandry was 23s. 4d. per annum, and clothing of the price of 5s., with meat and drink; chief hind, carter, or shepherd, 20s.; clothing 4s., common servant of husbandry, 10s.; clothing, 3s. 4d.; a woman servant, 10s.; clothing, 4s.; infant under fourteen years, 6s.; clothing, 3s.; Freemason or master carpenter, 4d. per day; without meat or drink, 3½d. Master tiler or slater, mason, or mean carpenter, and other artificers concerned in building, 3d. a-day, without meat and drink, 4½d.; every other labourer, 2d. a-day, without meat or drink, 3½d. a-day; after Michaelmas to abate in proportion. In time of harvest, a mower 4d. a-day; without meat and drink, 6d.; reaper or carter, 3d. a-day, without meat and drink, 5d.; woman labourer, and other labourers, 2d. a-day, without meat and drink, 4½d. per day. By the 11th Henry VII., 1496, there was a like rate of wages, only with a little advance; as, for instance, a freemason, master carpenter, rough mason, bricklayer, master tiler, plumber, glazier, carver, joiner, was allowed from Easter to Michaelmas to take 4d. a-day, without meat and drink, 6d.; from Michaelmas to Easter to abate 1d. A master having under him six men, was allowed 1d. a-day extra.—By the 6th of Henry VIII., 1515, the wages of shipwrights were fixed as follows: A master ship carpenter taking the charge of the work, having men under him, 5d. a-day in the summer season, with meat

and drink; other ship carpenter, called a hewer, 4d.; an able clincher, 3d.; holder, 2d.; master calker, 4d.; a mean calker, 3d.; a day labourer by the tide, 4d.

## TITHE.

At Thornton, in Dorsetshire, an ancient custom exists among the tenants of lands, of depositing 5s. in a hole in a certain tombstone in the churchyard, which prevents the lord of the manor from taking tithe of hay. This must be done on St. Thomas's Day, before twelve o'clock, or the privilege is lost.

W. G. C.

## The Public Journals.

## CROCODILE ISLAND.

HERE the young man paused, and sighed deeply. I confess I was intensely interested by the manner in which he related his story; the traveller to whom he addressed himself, was apparently fascinated by the wild beauty of his eyes; for the beef still lay untasted before him, and he could not remove his looks, even for a moment, from the countenance of the Indian king. "The feast was at last prepared," he continued, "and Sisquo Dumfki and myself were placed in conspicuous situations, but still far enough removed from the spectators to have our conversation private. We drank, and every time the caskine hogshead was replenished, the lovely Nemrooma flitted towards us with the cocoa bowl. I retained her hand in mine, and gazed upon her with an expression in my glances, that sufficiently betrayed the interest she excited in my heart. She did not seem displeased with my admiration, but hung down her head and blushed, with such bewitching innocence and beauty, as rendered her a thousand times more enchanting in my eyes than ever. When we had now drunk unceasingly for three days, I said to my opponent, 'It grieves me, O Sisquo Dumfki, that this contest must be carried on to the death. Even if you are victorious in this trial, as sixteen years ago you were with my illustrious parent, you have no chance of escaping with your life. I myself, till I became acquainted with your noble sentiments, thirsted for your blood; and now that I know you all that a chief should be, my soul is tortured with regret that it will be impossible to save you.' With an unmoved countenance the hero heard me declare, as it were, his condemnation to certain death. He drained off the bowl which he happened to have in his hand, and replied, 'Death comes only once—the Great Spirit rejoices in the actions of majestic men. There are casine and tobacco in Elysium.' But I was resolved, if possible, to preserve my friend from the destruction

prepared for him by my mother. 'Sisquo, I said, 'let us delay the conclusion of our contest till some fitter opportunity. If you would save your life, and make me the happiest of kings and of mortals, pretend to be overcome by the casine, and ask to be left in this tent to sleep. I will place round it a body of my own guards, with orders to prevent all emissaries from the queen from entering it under pain of death. In the mean time I will wed your daughter, if it seems good to you; and when by this means you are connected with the royal house, your life will become sacred, even from the vengeance of an offended woman.' 'It seems good to me,' he replied, 'O mightiest potentate on Alatamaha's banks; and well pleased shall I resign the victory to you, in hopes of concluding a whole week with you on some future opportunity. With regard to Nemrooma—what is she but a silly flower, which will be too highly honoured by being transplanted into the gardens of the mighty Quinnmolla?'

"In pursuance of this resolution, the noble Sisquo Dumfki assumed every appearance of total inebriety; he hiccuped, sang, roared, and finally sank down in a state of apparent insensibility. I confess I was astonished at the absence of Nemrooma on this interesting occasion. She came not near to cover her father with skins or leaves, and the duty was left to me of casting over him the royal mantle, and turning his feet towards the fire. With an expressive grasp of the hand, I left him to provide for his safety; for my mother, I was well aware, would take every means in her power to put him to death in revenge for his victory over her husband. On issuing from the tent, I was hailed victor by ten thousand voices; the whole combined nations which owned my sway, seemed delirious with the triumph I had achieved. No conqueror returning from a successful expedition, with the imperial robe purpled to a deeper die with the blood of thousands of his subjects, was ever received with such an enthusiasm of attachment. Calling aside the captain of my guard, I gave him the strictest injunctions to allow no one to enter the tent in which my illustrious competitor reposed, and proceeded to the wigwam of the queen. She was smoking when I entered; and the clouds which circled round her head, gave to her piercing, black eyes the likeness of two brilliant stars shining in a lowering heaven.

"'He is dead?' she said; 'my son would scarcely venture into the presence of his mother if the murderer of his father was left alive.'

"'No, my mother,' I replied, 'he is sunk in deep sleep, and we are sufficiently revenged by having conquered at his own weapons the hero of the Chicasaws.'

"'He sleeps!—tis well. It shall be my care to see that he never awakes—the toma-

hawk in a woman's hand, is as sure as a poisonous drug in the bowl—for, mark me, Quinmolla, no powers can persuade me, that the glorious Atta-kull-kulla met with fair treatment at the hand of his rival at the feast. Have I not seen him often and often drink not only for five days, but for weeks and months together, and start up from his debauch as fresh as if he had been bathing in the warrior's streams in the shadowy land? Tell me, my son, that Sisquo Dumfki has for the last time seen the light of day?

" 'I cannot,' I replied; 'it goes against my soul. He trusts me—why should I be faithless as the hyena or the white men!—No, mother, let him live, for my spirit burns with admiration of the beautiful Nemrooma.'

" 'The feather in thy hair was torn surely from the pigeon's wing, and not the eagle's. What! hast thou no fear of the wrath of your father, whose form I often see gloomily reposing beneath the shadow of the stately palm-tree which he loved the most—fearest thou not, that rushing from the land of spirits he blasts thee to the earth, with the sight of those frowning brows, which no mortal can look upon and live? Away! thou art unworthy of the blood of a thousand forest kings, who, long ere we removed to these plains, reigned on the shores of the eternal Sire of Rivers;\* and unworthy still, since you prefer your love to your revenge, of the ancestry of the Milesian lords, the O'Flaherties of the Tipperary wilds.'—I stood astonished at this torrent of indignation, but my rage was at length roused as she proceeded,—' Nemrooma! and what seest thou in that paltry girl to wean thee from the nobler passion of vengeance? But cease to cherish fantastic hopes—the setting sun of yesterday went down upon her death.'

" 'What! hast thou dared to blight the lily which I intended to carry in my bosom—how? when? where?'

" 'The Alatamaha is broad and deep,' replied my mother, 'a canoe is frail and slight—ill may a maiden's arm contend with an impetuous river. Alone in a fragile bark—unused to the paddle—she was floated down the stream.'

" 'Wretch,' I exclaimed, losing all respect for her dignity, in the rage that seized me on account of her cruelty, 'you shall dearly pay for this. Ere the palm-trees are gilded seven times with the morning and evening suns, expect my return, and to suffer for your crimes.'

" I rushed into the open air as I spoke, and leaving tents, wigwams, friends, and subjects far behind me, I darted into the thickest of the forest, and pursued my way to a winding of the river, where I kept a canoe constantly prepared for my fishing expeditions. In it I found a supply of provisions, my rods,

and lines; my war-club, and my bow with poisoned arrows. I embarked, and pushing out into the middle of the stream, I pursued my way as rapidly as I could, in hopes of overtaking the beautiful Nemrooma, or perhaps of seeing her on the bank, if she should have been fortunate enough to swim to land. I kept my eyes intently fixed on every bend of the stream, in case her canoe should have been stranded, but in vain. All that day I kept on my course, and began to fear that ere I could overtake her, she would be carried down to a bluff in the river, which we had called Crocodile Island, and in that case I knew there was no hope of her safety. How peacefully, O Alatamaha, glided thy glorious expanse of waters, bearing the vast shadows of the umbrageous oaks upon their bosom, while thy banks were made vocal by the music of unnumbered birds! Little did such a scene of placid beauty accord with the tumultuous throbings of Nemrooma's agitated breast. I thought what must have been her feelings while floating past those magnificent scenes, clothed with all the verdure of luxuriant nature, and enlivened with the glittering plumage of the various people of the skies, which glanced for a moment across her like glimpses of sunshine, and then flitted once more into the shadows of the woods. The banks were also ornamented with hanging garlands and bowers, formed, as it were, for the retreat of the river divinities, of the most beautiful shrubs and plants. And here and there the eye was delighted with the large white flowers of the ipomea, surrounded with its dark-green leaves.

" But all these enchanting sights were insufficient to divert my thoughts from the probable fate of the beautiful Nemrooma. All night I plied my course, and, on the morning, could still discover no trace either of the girl or her canoe. About noon, I was made aware, by the extraordinary sounds which saluted my ears from a distance, that I was approaching the Crocodile lagoon. Inspired by fresh anxiety to overtake her, if possible, before entering on that fearful scene, I plied my utmost strength, and, at a bending of the river, was rewarded for all my labours and anxiety, by a view of the tender bark only a short way in front. Before I could place myself at her side we had entered the dreadful lake, and the placid water was broken into a thousand ripples by the countless multitudes of the alligators which inhabited the place. The noise they made was of the most appalling description. Terrified at the perilous situation in which she was placed, the lovely girl uttered a scream of joy when she saw me, and had only self-possession enough to step from her own canoe into mine, when she fell down in a state of insensibility, from the violence of her contending feelings. No sooner was her frail

\* Mississippi—Father of Rivers.

bark deserted, than it became the object of a fearful battle to the monsters of the deep. A crocodile of prodigious size rushed towards the canoe from the reeds and high grass at the bank. His enormous body swelled; his plaited tail, brandished high, floated upon the lagoon. The waters, like a cataract, descended from his open jaws. Clouds of smoke issued from his nostrils. The earth trembled with his thunder. But immediately from the opposite side a rival champion emerged from the deep. They suddenly darted upon each other. The boiling surface of the lake marked their rapid course, and a terrific conflict commenced. Sometimes they sank to the bottom, folded together in horrid wreaths. The water became thick and discoloured. Again they rose to the surface, and their jaws clapt together with a noise that echoed through the surrounding forest. Again they sank, and the contest ended at the bottom of the lake; the vanquished monster making his escape to the sedges at the shore. The conqueror now directed his course to the canoe. He raised his head and shoulders out of the water, and putting his little, short paws into the boat, he overturned it in an instant, and, in a few moments, fragments of it were swimming about in all directions. When Nemrooma saw the horrid scene, she clung convulsively to my arm, and in some degree impeded my efforts to effect our escape. I cautioned her to be still, and pushed with all my force towards the entrance of the river out of the lagoon. But, alas! fortune was here against us. It was the time at which myriads upon myriads of fish take their course up the river; and, as the stream is shallowest at this place, the crocodiles had chosen it as their position to intercept their prey. The whole water, for miles on each side, seemed alive with fish. The line of crocodiles extended from shore to shore; and it was the most horrific sight I ever witnessed, to see them dash into the broken ranks of the fish, and grind in their prodigious jaws a multitude of the largest trout, whose tails flapped about their mouths and eyes, ere they had swallowed them. The horrid noise of their closing jaws—their rising with their prey some feet upright above the water—the floods of foam and blood rushing out of their mouths and the clouds of vapour issuing from their distended nostrils, were truly horrifying. Anxious to escape, I now began to paddle towards the shore of the lagoon, in order to land and wait till the army of fish had forced their passage, after which, I concluded, it would be easier for us to elude the satiated monsters; but ere we had got half way across the lake, I perceived we were pursued by two of an unusual size. From these escape by flight was impossible. They rapidly gained upon us, and at last one of them, raising himself out of the water, was just preparing to

lay his paw upon the canoe, when I discharged an arrow which luckily pierced his eye. With a roar of mingled rage and pain, he sank below the water, and left me to prepare for the assault of his companion. With a tremendous cry, he came up, and darted as swift as an arrow under my boat, emerging upright on my lee-quarter, with open jaws, and belching water and smoke, that fell upon me like rain in a hurricane. Leaving the bow to the skilful Nemrooma, I seized my club, and beat him about the head, and kept him for a few minutes at a distance. I saw, however, he was making preparations for his final spring, his mouth was opened to a fearful width, when an arrow struck him directly on the tongue, and pinned it to his jaw. He shouted as he felt the pain, and darted off, no doubt, in quest of assistance. I shot to the bank with the speed of lightning, lifted the almost fainting Nemrooma from the canoe, and led her to the foot of an immense magnolia, which I perceived at no great distance. Before we left the river, however, we saw a prodigious number of crocodiles gathered round the boat, and one of them even crawled into it, and we heard our last hope of safety take its leave in the crash of its breaking sides, as it crumbled into fragments beneath the unwieldy monster's weight. The shore, I was aware, was also the resort of incredible multitudes of bears. Our provisions were exhausted, our arrows left in the canoe, and we could see no possibility of avoiding an excruciating death." The narrator here stopt for a moment, and the traveller, breathless with interest, said to him, "For God's sake, tell me, sir, how you got safe off?"

Whilst the stranger prepared to reply, I took advantage of the pause to look round the room. The supper table was deserted. The passengers had all paid their reckoning, and the waiter was standing expectantly at the corner of the sideboard.

"How we got safe off?" replied the Indian chief; "that's just the thing that puzzles me, and I thought you might perhaps be able to assist me."

"I assist you!" said the traveller, "how is that possible?"

"Coach is quite ready, sir," interrupted the waiter.

"The fact is," rejoined the young man, "I have just got to that point, in a tale I am writing for next month's *Blackwood*, and curse me if I know how to get naturally away from the Crocodile Island."

"Coach can't wait another moment, sir," said the waiter, "supper, two and sixpence."

"Supper!" exclaimed the traveller, "this d—d fellow with his cock-and-a-bull story, about being king of the jackdaws, or kickshaws, or Lord knows what, has kept me from eating a morsel."

"Coachman can't wait a moment, sir."

"I tell you I haven't tasted a mouthful since I left Birmingham."

"You can't help me to a plan for getting the young people off the island?" said the youth.

"May the devil catch both of them, and a hundred crocodiles eat every bone in their skins!"

"Two and sixpence for supper, sir," said the waiter.

"Two hundred and sixty devils first," cried the traveller in a prodigious passion, buttoning up his cloak and preparing to resume his journey—"let that infernal Indian king, who is only some lying scribbler in a magazine, pay for it himself, for I'm hanged if he hasn't cheated me out of my cold beef, and drank every drop of my porter to the bargain."

"All right, gentlemen," said the coachman in the yard.

"All right," replied the guard! "tsh! tsh; ya! hip—ts! ts!"—and the half-famished outside passenger was whirled along Corn Market, and over Magdalen Bridge, at the rate of eleven miles an hour.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

### The Gatherer.

*Extravagant Price of Printed Music in England.*—There is nothing in which the folly of the herd of music-buyers in England is more strongly evinced, than in the expensive form, and consequently exorbitant price, at which they choose to have it provided for them. Think of 2s. being the regular charge for a trumpery ballad!—an advance of 200 per cent. within our own recollection. One of these German collections lies before us, called the *Arion*, published at Brunswick. Each part contains more than forty songs, with piano-forte accompaniment, by Mozart, Weber, Hummel, Spohr, Lindpainter, and other eminent writers; and the price is about half-a-crown. In London, it would be at least two guineas. But, in the one case, everything is produced with an extravagant waste of material; and in the other, with as much economy as is consistent with neatness and legibility. When music shall be cultivated more as a rational, social, and cheap pleasure, than as a vehicle for individual display,—whenever it shall become a less expensive, and therefore more general amusement,—when young misses shall be taught to sing, not to squall,—then will the ignorance and quackery of many an Italian Signor be detected, and, the game being up, the said Signor will take himself home,—there again, probably, to reassume his former and more honest occupation of brushing clothes and dressing hair; then will songs cease to be admired for their defects,—then will lithographed titles disappear; and then

will forty good songs be sold in England for half-a-crown. Are there any symptoms of this *silver age*? We fear none at present. Well, it matters not—we must go on—and "Qui vult decipi, decipiatur."—*Spectator.*

*The oldest Book.*—Bartholomaeus de Glanville, a writer, who flourished about the middle of the 14th century, wrote "*De Proprietatibus rerum*," which was first printed in folio by Caxton, 1480. It was translated into English by Trevisa, and printed by Wynkin de Worde, in 1507. Mr. Dibdin, in his *Typographical Antiquities* styles this "a volume of extraordinary typographical beauty and rarity." It is the first book printed on paper made in England. P. T. W.

*Origin of Tea.*—The Chinese have the following tradition, relating to the origin of Tea:—"Daruma, a very religious prince, and son of an Indian king, came into China about the year 519, purely to promulgate his religion; and, with the hope of alluring others to virtue by his example, pursued a life of unvaried mortification and penance, eating only vegetables, and spending most of his time, unsheltered by any dwelling, in the exercise of prayer and devotion. After continuing this life for some years, he became worn out with fatigue, and at length closed his eyes, and fell asleep against his will; but, on awaking, such was his remorse and grief for having broken his vow, that, in order to prevent a relapse, he cut off his eyelids, as being the instruments of his crime, and threw them on the ground. Returning to the same spot on the ensuing day, he found them changed into two shrubs, now known by the name of Tea. Daruma, eating some of the leaves, felt such vigour imparted to his mind, that his meditations became more exalted, and the lethargy which had previously overpowered him entirely disappeared. He acquainted his disciples with the wonderful properties of these shrubs, and in time the use of them became universal.

W. G. C.

*A queer Royal Custom.*—Stavorinus tells us, that the King of Bantam, frequently belched during his meals, and it was followed by all the company. This custom, which is an etiquette of the court of Bantam, was designed to show that each person's appetite was good and the food agreeable, which was pleasing to the King. P. T. W.

*Road-making.*—Marshal Wade, on account of his long and arduous services as a road-maker, was termed by the humorists of his day, the greatest highwayman in existence.

*Gold Marks.*—The Goldsmiths' Company, (whose New Hall is engraved in No. 585 of *The Mirror*), by 12 George II. c. 26, may take, for assaying and marking plate, as follows:—For gold watch-cases, or boxes, 10d. each; gold snuff-boxes, 1s. 3d. each; wrought

gold of thirty ounces, or under, 2s. 6d.; from thirty to fifty ounces, 3s. 9d., and so in proportion. For every parcel of wrought silver weighing four pounds troy, 5d.: if above, a diet of ten grains per pound shall be taken. Watch-cases, spurs, buckles, buttons, &c. are charged according to fixed rates each. The same rates are payable to the assayer at York, Exeter, Bristol, Chester, Norwich, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne. But the company are not allowed to realize a profit by this part of their business; if any overplus arises after deducting the necessary expenses, it is to be applied to the reduction of the rates of assaying.

W. G. C.

When Lord Stormont lost his diamond insignia of the Order of St. Andrew, at St. James's, George Selwyn ran with the news to the Cocoa-tree, when Foote, who was there, instantly exclaimed, "Then it is the first time a Scotchman was ever known to lose any thing at Court!"

W. G. C.

*Lord Kenyon, (father of the present Lord.)*—Of his habits, when chief-justice, the following anecdote gives a remarkable trait:—A gentleman, who had sold Lord Kenyon a cottage at Richmond, going into the neighbourhood, had a mind to take a view of his old residence; and, on application, was readily admitted by the housekeeper. Entering the principal room, he saw on the table some books, which proved to be the Bible, Epictetus, and the Whole Duty of Man. "Does my lord read this?" said the gentleman, taking up the Bible. "No, sir," replied the woman; "he is always poring over this little book," pointing to Epictetus: "I don't know what it is," added she; "but my lady reads the other two. They come down here on a Saturday evening, bring a shoulder or leg of mutton with them, which serves for Sunday, and they leave me the remains, which serve me for the week."—*Georgian Era*.

*Lord Thurloe.*—In appearance he was stern of aspect, with harsh but regular and strongly marked features. His eyebrows were large and shaggy, protruding over his penetrating eyes which gleamed with intellect. Lavater said, on seeing one of his pictures, "whether this man be on earth or in hell, I know not; but wherever he is, he is a tyrant, and will rule if he can." The Duke of Norfolk kept owls, one of which was called Lord Thurloe, from its supposed resemblance to the chancellor; and once, while in close conference with his solicitor, the duke was interrupted by the exclamation, that, "Lord Thurloe had laid an egg," from his owl-keeper.

He had the most thorough contempt for hereditary honours, and, always maintaining he was descended from Thurloe, a carrier, refused to acknowledge Secretary Thurloe as his ancestor. On attending to have his pa-

tent registered at the Herald's College, he gruffly thundered "I don't know," to the question of an officer, who inquired the name of his lordship's mother.—*Ibid.*

"*Claw and Claw.*"—Lord Erskine and Dr. Parr, who were both remarkably conceited, were in the habit of conversing together, and complimenting each other on their respective abilities. On one of these occasions, Parr promised that he would write Erskine's epitaph; to which the other replied, that "such an intention on the doctor's part was almost a temptation to commit suicide."—*Ibid.*

*Vanity.*—Buffon, speaking on literary works, said—"Capital works are scarce; I know but five great geniuses, Newton, Bacon, Leibnitz, Montesquieu, and *myself!*!"

P. T. W.

*Epigram.*

"I'm very much surpris'd," quoth Harry,  
"That Jane a *Gambler* should marry."  
"I'm not at all," her sister says—  
"You know he has such *wining ways!*"

W. H. H.

*Epitaphs.*—In Toddington church, Beds., is the monument of Henrietta, Lady Wentworth, who died in 1686: this memorial is stated to have cost 2,000*l.* Near it is another, equally magnificent, in memory of Lady Maria Wentworth, who died at the early age of 18, in the year 1632. It bears—

Maria Wentworth, illustris: Thome Comitis  
Cleveland, Filia Fremontia Prima Animam  
Virgineam Exhalavit Janver.

Anno. Dom. 1632. Etat. sua. 18.

And here the pretious dante is layde,  
Whose puerile tempered clay was made  
So fine, that it the guest betray'd.

Else the soule grew so fast within,  
It broke the outward shell of siune,  
And so was hatch'd a cherubim.

It height it soar'd to God above;  
In depth it did to knowledge move;  
And spread in breadth in general love.

Before a pious dutie shin'd  
To parents; curtesie behind;  
On either side an equal mind.

Good to the poore, to kindred deare,  
To servants kinde, to friendship cleare,—  
To nothing but herself severs.

See, though a virgin, yet a bride,—  
To every grace she justified  
A chaste polygamie, and died.

One of the most beautiful epitaphs on record is that to the memory of the celebrated Mary, Countess of Pembroke, by Ben Jonson:

Underneath this marble hearse  
Lie the subject of all verse:  
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:—  
Death! ere thou hast slain another  
Fair and wise, as good as she,  
Time shall throw his dart at thee.

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